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and the his "It lies there on the shore like the bleached skeleton of some monstrous cast-away beast; dead & untidy, which call themselves Gungo, creep over it; blue waves dash it with foam, bringing a lifeless; and the moon, the pale him to regard these the fit and proper associates of his highbournness—otherwise, you damn him eternally, by hammering his spiritual pride myself. Got acquainted with 'em when I was out last year—that is, with the leading men of the family. Will vote for Pizarro next ber right leg just below the shoulder. She attempted to run, but fell down the embankment of the little stream. I went in and found the Emperor explained to him in detail the motives which induced him to take this heroic step. The emperor then to him the heroic hold the highest admiration from the calm and dignified demeanor of the captives. Their

Geomet is quite a pitiable man indeed and
 that. The FATES have ordained it, says he, and
 I am a victim of circumstance. He has not
 quite convinced himself of this, yet, of course,
 the Democratic party carrying both them States,"
 When it was explained that the gopher family
 referred to were a class of burrowing quadrupeds
 at her bleeding wounds, but making no
 effort to effect her escape from her cruel
 murderer. As I then felt constrained to record my
 choked by sobs, listened to the dreadful narra-
 tive on his knees, and clasped his hands ex-
 claiming "my father! my father!" The Em-
 who harass them, that they are treacherous,
 savage, and revengeful; when tormented by
 the guns of their persecutors, they, no doubt,

per would not allow him to quit his side until he had obtained from him a solemn promise to remain where he was, attempting to stop it. But the instant the young man stepped out of the room, his filial love triumphed over his fidelity to his word, and he summoned the white-winged angel to his aid. The latter arrived too late. The Emperor, after a not very violent agony, expired at twenty-two years of age, on the 22d of February, 1855. At the same instant Russia lost not only her master but her policy.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

The ship *Raven*, bound from New York to the East Indies, was crossing the Southeast trade, with all drawing sail set. It was the last dog watch, the time between six and eight o'clock. The wind was light, and the waves have been down ever low, listening to a yarn which Tom Gray was spinning.

"O dear! dear! dear! my father, interrupting the yarn, and springing from his seat, "catch that beautiful pigeon before it flies away again!"

"What pigeon?" demanded half a dozen voices.

"That white angel," replied the sailor could make further inquiry, but the breeze came from the quarter deck, to halt the main topmast stayall down. This brought the stragglers of the crew to the fore-cabin, where Tom Gray continued his yarn; but Tom, apparently unconscious of their request, said, in a sorrowful tone, "I have seen that white angel of the world." The white pigeon which he saw was the angel of death, who appeared to me as he came on board, and young man, in an hour-class in his hand, the end of which was

display their powers and sagacity in efforts to retaliate or escape; but here their every movement was watched, and they were obliged to stop. After a struggle, in which they evinced no disposition to violence or revenge, they submitted with the calmness of the criminal to the execution of their sentence. The pain was most touching, and their low moaning went to the heart. It would not have been tolerable, had they been allowed to feel the pain of an agonizing reserved for ill-treatment afterwards.

Sir James Tennant, in his recent work on Ceylon, gives the following account of a musical fish found in a lake in that island:

"On the occasion of another visit which I made to Batticaloa, in September, 1849, I saw some of the natives of that island. I had heard of musical sounds, said to be heard issuing from the bottom of the lake, at several places both above and below the ferry opposite to Batticaloa. I was told that the natives suppose to proceed from some fish peculiar to the locality." The report was confirmed to me by the natives of Batticaloa, and I was told whence the sounds proceed which interested me between the pier and a rock which projects into the sea, and thence towards the eastward. They were said to be heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon was in the sky, and the wind from the east, resembling the faint sweet notes of an *Æolian harp*. I sent for some of the fishermen, who explained to me that the fish was the same as that of which their fathers had always known of the existence of the musical sounds heard, they said, at the spot alluded to, but only during the dry season, and that they were never observed by the fishes after the rain. They believed

[illegible]

The angel had, long, early hair, of raven color, which he wore in a wig, which he called "a wig of death," seemed to blaze and burn. He looked at me as he passed. Our eyes met, and I thought I knew him. He smiled, and said "Good morning, my friend." He took his hammock, he retraced his steps toward the main highway, followed by the men whose eyes were turned to him. I waited for him that night. He paid us a visit almost every day, sometimes taking one or more from our group to his place, a small five-room house in Bermuda. He entered the pulpit, and stood for a minister full five minutes, looking at the hour-glass, and then he came down, running, and when it was out, the parson sat down and fell. I was the first to rush to his aid, and I picked him up in my arms. I saw his form follow the Angel of Death down the broad aisle, and disappear. The minister said: "The last time I saw him was in New York, I saw him take a poor suffering child from its mother's arms into his own, and kiss it and disappear. The child died a few minutes later." I asked him what he thought

angel leaves the body before life is extinct. The angel was then reborn in green."

There were many other strange stories of the Angel of Death and his helpers, which led to deep impression on the minds of his hearers. So he believed his every word.—*Boston Traveller.*

SOMETHING LIKE A MILLIONAIRE—A St. Petersburg letter of 22d ult. says: "The great event of the day is the definitive retirement from the office of the Minister of War, Count M. T. D. The day before yesterday he sent an official letter, ordering his agent, M. Felestein, to wind up the business of the house; before the first of the month he will have left the capital and will exist. M. Steigitz has taken part in all the great financial affairs of the Government, and has been the confidential adviser of the Emperor and the Emperor's family. He is now 60 years of age. M. Steigitz, son, arrived in Russia fifty years ago. He came from Hamburg, and was at first a clerk, but changed to Protestantism. Immediately after his arrival he entered into business, and founded the house which he bequeathed to his son, with the title of Baron."

The fearless intensity of the feeling which inspired the noble sentiment—we have counted the cost, and find nothing so inferior as to be a martyr, and nothing so wrong—is not dead in the hearts of our people, and if our leaders would rise as superior to blameworthy and unbecoming intrigues, they could kindle a blaze in the Southern heart that would cause the very eyes of our enemies to blink together with fear and admiration. The noblest of our countrymen, statesmen, who, by a concerted movement, could in less than three months rally their respective constituents to the support of the Union—

* * *

"The Union is not the Union which our fathers bargained for. Under it we shall be all cut out, outraged, and plundered, and the sooner it is destroyed the better. We shall talk of friendship with those whom our reason forbids us to have fair, and our affections forbid us to have true. We are instructed us to defeat, is madness and folly."

"With high regard, I have the honor to be your obedient servant, J. H. ADAMS."

france (1,200,000 pounds sterling). M. Steinplatz, Jr. has since conducted the firm with such success that it has now grown to a value of more than two hundred and eighty millions of francs. This enormous fortune exists partly in the form of real estate, partly in stocks and bonds, and partly in shares in the best Italian companies, and partly in landed estates in the south of France, where the family has a large country estate. Mr. Muller, belonging to a highly respectable, though not rich, family, but has no children. His only daughter, who is married to a French merchant who is expressed as to the cause of this sad state of affairs, "the event, but the cause of this sad state of affairs," is the result of his retirement and is the delicate health of Madame Steinplatz."

"Him, Mr. Dean, member of Congress from Connecticut, is visiting here, observing the progress of the colony, and the capture and removal of the negroes." (*Words*.) (*Mass.*)

FORNEY—BUCHANAN—BROWN—CO. Forney, of the Philadelphia press, who is remembered as the right-hand man of Buchanan in the Presidential contest, and literally won the Presidency for Buchanan, is here, and he now says: "Mr. Buchanan himself is more fully, in a moral sense, for the work at Harpers' Ferry, than any man in the country." He (*Buchanan*)'s attempt to carry slavery into the midst of a hostile land opinion is of the same character as that of John Brown. He is a man of great energy, but he has none of it. It was right in James Buchanan's time for slavery upon a people, it was right in John Brown's time for freedom upon a people. Their authority outside of law was precisely the same. It is unfortunate that Mr. Buchanan had not the sense to see that the same poor old Brown. It would have saved the credit of the Administration, and probably the life of

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characteristic of the man, and the direction in for the management and distribution of property embraced all the minor details of last will and testament.

Taliaferro was also present, and Capt. Wm. urged that his wife be allowed to remain with him all night. To this the General refused to assent, allowing them but four hours.

ons to Quir."—The Columbus (Ga.) papers the arrest in that city of William member of a firm of New York merchants, an open expression of sympathy for "n," and the possession of Beecher's sermons were the occasion of the re received "notice to quit," and took ture by the first train.

INNATI MARKET!
dull; sellers refuse to accept
which is the price offered. Wheat
1½, and 1.20 @ \$1.25 for white.
at 21½ cts. Bacon is scarce,
noted at 8 @ 9½ cts. Mess pork
pork demand at 16 @ \$16.25.
was lively and excited to-day;

retail, at the Boston Office of
Front street. Price \$1. Sent by
e price. Address
W. LIGHT,
Era, 12 Tremont st., Boston.

